


# POEMS

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FRANCIS MAITLAND







# POEMS



# POEMS

BY

FRANCIS MAITLAND

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LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET

M CM XVII





To A. M.

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE

*Go little book, and if you pass unheedca,  
And all companionless upon your way,  
Yet so my labour is not vain that made you,  
That knew the joy of making day by day.*

*But should you find one friend upon your journey,  
One resting place in heart of man or maid,  
Comfort one soul, or give to one wayfarer  
One moment's gladness, I am doubly paid.*

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## NOTE

THREE of the sonnets have appeared in the *Times*, and one of the translations in the *Westminster Gazette*, and I desire to thank the Editors for permission to reprint these poems.

## Sunset

WHEN I have fully satisfied mine eyes  
With the calm beauty of a summer's eve,  
Have watched the sun sink down to rest, and leave  
A splendid radiance in the western skies ;  
The glory fades, all creatures hush their cries,  
The gates of Death stand open to receive  
The lingering light, and Nature seems to grieve  
For the slow passing of the day that dies.

Then will a subtle melancholy steal  
Upon my senses, and the voices deep  
Of Night and Death call with a mute appeal.  
Why will men strive and wrangle, laugh and weep,  
When such an hour can almost reveal  
The beauty of the everlasting Sleep ?

ἡ τὰν ἡ ἐπὶ τὰν

THESE many months I have not seen thy face,  
Darkness and gloom have covered me, the night  
Has chilled my soul with doubtings, and my sight  
Is all bedimmed, so that I scarce can trace  
The narrow path that saves me from disgrace.  
And hard it is to battle for the right  
Without thy voice to cheer me in the fight,  
Or speed my faltering footsteps in the race.

Come love, and save me, for my faith grows cold,  
Come, and with thy sweet presence heal my pain,  
And all my foolish doubts and fears remove ;  
So shall I, like the Spartan youth of old,  
Go forth to battle, and return again  
Or with my shield, or on it, to my love.

# Chicago Stock Exchange

BERT ALWARD

THE brawling voices babble as before  
    Though one is hushed : the noblest and the best  
    Is taken from our midst, and yet the rest  
Still fight, and shout and wrangle on the floor.  
But we shall never feel his presence more,  
    Nor hear his merry laugh and constant jest :  
    The Shades have welcomed an unwilling guest,  
And darkness hides him on the farther shore.

Ah, cruel Death, why dost thou joy to show  
    Thy power by striking down the young and fair,  
Letting the weak and old escape the blow?  
    Restore thy victim we so ill can spare !  
Nay, for 'tis best, and thus he shall not know  
    Old age, disease or poverty or care.

## Cohasset

### I

THE days are sped, and never shall return,  
Days of deep joy, which Helen did beguile  
With her sweet presence and enchanting smile  
That could the veriest Hell to Heaven turn.  
The days are sped ! God give me grace to learn  
The lesson of her cheerfulness, the while  
There stretches out before me, mile on mile  
My lonely road. She will no more return.

Yet, though a dreary life before me lies,  
Though I am dead henceforth to blame or praise,  
And live but in past memories, mine eyes  
Have looked on Heaven itself for six whole days ;  
Nor life nor death can rob me of my prize,  
This glorious memory that is mine always.



# Cohasset

## II

SHE sits beside me by the murmuring sea,  
The weary king of heaven his course has run,  
The earth lies hushed in silent reverie,  
The sad, pale moon hangs in the southern sky  
Watching the downfall of her lord, the sun ;  
All nature is at peace, and night is nigh.

And tender words are rising to my lips ;  
Alas, I may not breathe them in her ear,  
Nor tell her of my love : and now as dips  
The blood red sun beneath the western wave,  
So sink my dying hopes : she must not hear  
The secret I shall carry to the grave.

Yet I may love her still, and strive to make  
This sorry world in which my days are past  
A little happier for her sweet sake ;  
May consecrate my life to her, and keep  
Her image in my heart, until at last  
Kind Death enshrouds me in the mists of sleep.

## How Long ?

THE weeks go by, the weary weeks go by,  
The months are lengthened into years, the years  
Are filled with sordid toil, and wet with tears ;  
Nor Hell nor Heaven gives relief: the sky  
Is brass above our heads, our feeble cry  
Goes trembling up to Heaven, and no God hears,  
But evermore dull, sullen labour sears  
The aching heart, and will not let it die.

How long, Lord, must the sons of labour wait?  
How long must we refrain, and hold our hand?  
Some day the fierce and smouldering spark of hate  
Shall of a sudden to a flame be fanned :  
Then shall the lords of labour curse their fate,  
While anarchy runs riot o'er the land.

## Loci Dulcedo

ONCE again in thy meadows of Christ Church,  
Through thy chapels and gardens again  
I walk as of old, while thy towers  
Ring out a refrain.

Dear Mother, my heart is o'er-flowing  
With the joy of thy peace, as of yore,  
While my steps in the hush of thy cloisters  
Re-echo once more.

And yet, with the joy of the present  
Is mingled the sadness and pain  
Of regret for the days that are vanished,  
And come not again :

For now, in the toil and the hurry  
Of the new country over the seas  
I forget the deep calm of thy cloisters,  
The shade of thy trees.

Wilt thou be with me there in thy stillness,  
Wilt thou give me a part of thyself  
In the noise of the street and the market,  
The struggle for pelf?

Lest I weary and faint by the wayside,  
May the thought of thy manifold charm  
Bring peace to my spirits o'er-burdened,  
And heavenly calm.

## Diana

O MOON, that sailest in the heavens above,  
Inscrutable, pale, beautiful, alone,  
Art weary of thy solitary throne?  
Dost long sometimes for sympathy or love?

Imperious mistress of the realms of sleep,  
Colder and purer than new-fallen snow,  
What would'st thou say to mortals here below,  
To men that love and hate, that laugh and weep?

“ Ah, happy careless men, ye cannot tell  
With what an aching heart I swim in space,  
While the great sorrow written on my face  
Speaks of the solitudes with which I dwell.

“ Men look upon my face and call me cold,  
And know not that, behind the mask, a fire  
Consumes me of unsatisfied desire,  
And longing for the world which I behold ;

DIANA

“ The life I may not share, but still must see,  
The petty, struggling life of man on earth,  
Who is the sport of Fortune from his birth,  
And yet hath love, which is denied to me.

“ Aye, and though sin and sorrow can destroy  
The bliss of life, and even love can die,  
I would renounce my immortality  
For one brief hour of human love and joy.

“ The niggard gods, that had so much to give,  
Made me a queen, but crowned me with despair ;  
I have not love—then wherefore am I fair ?  
I am alone—what profits it to live ?

“ So, while I sail the solitary ways  
Bathed in the light of my own loveliness,  
The sorrow of eternal loneliness  
Shines in the cold, pale beauty of my gaze.”

## Dog Days

THE angry sun slow sinking in the west,  
Casts one last lingering glance upon the earth  
Which he has parched and withered all the day ;  
And weary, worn out men prepare to rest  
Where rest is none, and all glad sounds of mirth  
Are hushed, and tired children cease their play.

At last the sun is down, and now the stars  
Begin to peep with cruel, laughing eyes,  
And mock the miseries of mirthless men.  
The air is still as death, and no cloud mars  
The pitiless perfection of the skies,  
And night but tells the day's sad tale again.

## Spring in Absence

NATURE her gifts is bringing  
To deck the fields anew,  
And all the birds are singing,  
And all the skies are blue,  
And all the land is gay, love,  
And all the world is glad,  
But thou art far away, love,  
And I alone am sad.

What though the earth be learning  
The gladness of the Spring,  
If all my heart is yearning  
For her it cannot bring.  
What though the Spring be giving  
The best of all the year,  
There is no joy of living  
If Helen be not here.

Could we but roam together  
The leafy woods of June,  
In bright or cloudy weather,  
The world were all in tune.

## SPRING IN ABSENCE

But now the night is dreary,  
And dreary is the day,  
And ah ! my heart is weary,  
My love is far away.

Come back, my love, and cheer me,  
And drive away my care ;  
'Tis Spring when thou art near me,  
And everything is fair.  
Thy smile can bring the May, love,  
That smile I know so well,  
Can turn the night to day, love,  
And make a Heaven of Hell.



## The Return

I HAVE seen thee again, my beloved,  
Thou art come in the pride of thy youth,  
With thy beauty a garment about thee,  
In thy mantle of truth :  
Though my heart was a-weary with waiting,  
And the days of thy absence were long,  
Thou art come, and the world at thy coming  
Is turned to a song.

When the night hangs her shroud in the heavens,  
And blackens the face of the land,  
And darkness broods over the waters  
Ere day is at hand,  
Of a sudden the tops of the mountains  
Are touched by the fingers of dawn,  
And all creatures give thanks for the daylight,  
And sing to the morn.

## THE RETURN

When the long weary months of the winter  
Have forgotten that summer is gay,  
While the sun hides his face in displeasure  
And darkens the day,  
One morning we wake, and the hedgerows  
Are green, and the birds as they sing,  
And the soft air that breathes in our faces  
Are telling of Spring.

Thou art come, and the Spring is come with thee,  
Thou art come, and the morning is here,  
Forgotten the horror of watching  
For day to appear.  
Forgotten the darkness of winter,  
The gloom and despair of the night,  
In my heart is the gladness of Springtime  
When morning is bright.

When the moon in her beauty arising  
Makes glorious the heavens above,  
When she floods the whole earth with her radiance,  
Do we ask her for love?  
So for me 'tis enough that I see thee,  
Enough that my heart for a while  
Is made glad with the joy of thy presence,  
The light of thy smile.

## THE RETURN

I have seen thee again, my beloved,  
Thou art come in the pride of thy youth,  
With thy beauty a garment about thee,  
In thy mantle of truth :  
Thou art come, and the Spring is come with thee,  
Thou art come, and the morning is here ;  
In my heart is the gladness of morning  
When Summer is near.

## Quamquam O—

WITH all my heart, with all my soul,  
With all my strength I love thee, dear ;  
Thou art my life, my light, my goal,  
My Heaven and Hell, my hope and fear.

I would not that the lightest breath  
Of harsh suspicion on thee blow,  
And I would gladly welcome death  
Could I but make thee happier so.

There is no comfort in my heart,  
No happiness for us can be,  
The Fates have set our paths apart—  
A lonely path for thee and me !

Yet sometimes I may see thy face,  
May press thy hand, and know thee true ;  
Then silently my steps retrace  
To commune with despair anew.

## “ Maily ”

MAIDY with the laughing eyes  
And the mind that none can follow,  
Every word is a surprise  
Maily with the laughing eyes.  
Now thy thought deep-hidden lies,  
Now it glances like the swallow,  
Maily with the laughing eyes  
And the mind that none can follow.

## Horace. Book I. Ode 22

THE man of pure and blameless life  
Needs no stout armour in the strife,  
Nor poisoned arrow-head, nor knife  
Of Moorish fashion.

Whether o'er stormy seas he goes,  
Or through the inhospitable snows  
Of Caucasus, or yet where flows  
Fabled Hydaspes.

For while afar in Sabine glade  
Singing of Lalage I strayed,  
From me unarmed a wolf, dismayed,  
Fled in confusion :

A monster, such as roams in bands  
O'er Daunia's war-swept forest lands,  
Or breeds in Libya's burning sands,  
The nurse of lions.

HORACE. · BOOK I. ODE 22

Set me where no soft breezes blow,  
Nor any flowers or trees may grow,  
Where is perpetual rain and snow,  
And mist eternal.

Or where the car of Heaven's bright King  
Brings death to every living thing :  
Still Lalage's sweet voice I'll sing,  
And her sweet laughter.

Horace. Book II. Ode 10

SAIL not too rashly out to sea,  
My friend, nor, fearful of the roar  
Of winds and waters, hug too close  
The rocky shore.

Who loves the golden middle way,  
Escapes the poor man's wants and cares,  
Escapes the envious glance that waits  
On millionaires.

High towers fall with mightier crash,  
With the tall pine more fiercely fights  
The tempest : 'tis the mountain tops  
The lightning smites.

HORACE. BOOK II. ODE 10

Fear in good luck, but hope in ill,  
Prepared for all that chance may bring  
The God that gives us winter now  
Will send the Spring.

Misfortune comes not every day ;  
Apollo clears his brow, and lo !  
The sounding lyre takes the place  
Of bended bow.

Should difficulties come, be bold  
And play the man : should favouring gales  
Too kindly blow, be wise in time,  
And reef your sails.

Horace. Book III. Ode 9

WHILE I was the king of your heart, love,  
And you kept all your kisses for me,  
I'll wager no king on his throne, love,  
So rich or so happy could be.

When Nellie, that impudent hussy,  
Hadh't stolen my lover away,  
Men might brag of their Norman descent, Sir,  
But your Lucy was prouder than they.



HORACE. BOOK III. ODE 9

But Nellie now holds me in bondage,  
Such music divine she can make,  
Could I purchase her life with my own life,  
E'en death would I dare for her sake.

And Robert is now my adorer,  
The son of old Benjamin Lake,  
Could I purchase his life by my dying,  
'Twice gladly I'd die for his sake.

But what if the old love returning  
Should bind me to Lucy anew,  
If Nellie be scorned and rejected,  
And my heart open only to you ?

Then though he be a perfect Adonis,  
You fickle and cross as the sea,  
Yet to live and to die with my Charlie  
Were fortune sufficient for me.

## Homer. Iliad, Book VI, 440-502

THEN to her answered and spake great Hector the  
waving-crested :

“ I too grieve for all this, dear love, but indeed it  
were shameful

Here in the eyes of the men of Troy, and the long-  
robed women,

If I should skulk like a coward and fly far away from  
the battle ;

Nor does my spirit allow, which ever has made me  
courageous,

Ever has taught me in battle for Troy to fight with  
the foremost,

Jealously guarding my father's renown and my own  
great glory.

Full well I know in my heart, and the voice of my  
heart has foreboded,

Surely the day will come when all shall be brought to  
destruction,

Ilium's sacred walls and Priam and all his people.

Yet I care not so much for the sorrow to come to the  
 Trojans,  
 Care not for Hecuba's woe so much, nor yet for King  
 Priam's,  
 Grieve not even so much in my heart for my own  
 dear brothers  
 Many and brave who shall fall in the dust at the  
 hands of the foemen ;  
 Nay, but for thee I grieve, when some stout-armoured  
 Achaean  
 Bearing thee weeping away shall deny thee the light  
 of freedom :  
 Then with Argos thy home thou'lt wield for another  
 the distaff,  
 Carrying water for her from Messeïs and swift  
 Hypereïe  
 Sore distressed in heart, and harsh compulsion shall  
 drive thee.  
 Haply will someone say when he sees thee bitterly  
 weeping,  
 ' This is Hector's wife who was ever the foremost in  
 battle,  
 First of the horsemen of Troy when the battle raged  
 around Ilium.'  
 Thus will they say, and thy grief will ever be freshly  
 awakend,

Grief for the need of a man such as I to protect and defend thee.

May I lie dead in the dark with the earth heaped high o'er my body

E'er I be told of thy grief and thy cries when they drag thee to bondage."

So spake mighty Hector, his arms to his child outstretching.

Back shrank the child to the breast of his nurse with the beautiful girdle,

Shrank with a cry, at the sight of his own dear father affrighted,

Fearing the brazen helm and the crest with the waving horse-hair,

Watching the plume on the crest so terribly shaking and nodding.

Loud laughed his dear father and lady mother together.

Straightway then from his head great Hector removed the helmet,

And on the ground he set it in haste, all glittering brightly.

Then he took his child in his arms and fondled him gently,

Kissed him, and prayed to Zeus and to all the gods of Olympus.

“ Zeus and ye other gods, grant this my prayer, that  
the boy here

Be a true son of mine, like me the first of the Trojans,  
Mighty in strength as I, and hold high lordship in  
Ilium :

So shall men say of my son, ‘ He is greater far than  
his father,’

As he returns from battle, and spoils shall he take  
from the vanquished,

Slaying his man in the fight, and shall gladden the  
heart of his mother.”

Thus having prayed, to the arms of his own dear wife  
he returned him,

Even his child, and she to her fragrant bosom received  
him,

Smiling through her tears, and her dear lord saw her  
and pitied ;

Then with his hand he caressed her, and spake brave  
words of comfort.

“ Dearest, let not thy heart be for me too sorely  
afflicted,

Verily ere my time there is no man living can slay me,  
But from his doom there is none can flee, be he  
coward or hero,

Nay, not one can escape when the fates have surely  
decreed it.

Therefore get thee home and attend to the loom and  
the distaff,  
Mindful of thine own work, and order thy household  
wisely,  
Set them about their tasks ; we men will attend to the  
fighting,  
All of us, aye and myself above all, whose home is in  
Ilium."  
So great Hector spake, and the helm with the crest of  
horse-hair  
Up from the ground he took, and his own dear wife  
went homeward,  
Oft she turned her about, and tears from her eyes  
were streaming.  
When she was come to the house, to the well-built  
house of her hero,  
Hector the slayer of men, she found there servants  
a-many,  
And to them all she brought loud wailing and lamen-  
tation.  
So in Hector's house they all were mourning for  
Hector,  
Living yet though he was, for they said he would  
come from the battle  
Never again, nor escape from the hands of the  
wrathful Achacans.

## Millwater

LADY of the Garden, no  
Fairer spot than this can be,  
Proud with Summer's bravest show,  
Sweet to smell and fair to see.

Lady of the Garden, we  
Poor town-dwellers, for a while  
From the noise and dirt set free,  
Thank you for your garden's smile ;

Thank you for a happy day,  
And your garden's welcoming,  
Fountains lazily at play,  
Waters ever murmuring.

Then reluctant go away  
Richer for the fairy sight,  
Peace and quiet of the day,  
Country noises of the night.

Summer days too swiftly sped,  
Summer nights that fairer grew—  
All things pass and these are fled,  
Lady of the Garden, too.

## E. M. J.

WHAT is he thinking lying there so still,  
This tiny piece of soft humanity,  
This little unknown stranger in our midst?  
Is he astonished at the gift of life,  
That brings him into such a strange, new world,  
With all its unfamiliar sights and sounds?  
What has this new-found life in store for him,  
What joys and sorrows in the years to come?  
I bid you welcome, little new-comer  
To this new life : may it be kind to you,  
And give you happiness and loving friends,  
Noble achievement, length of prosperous days,  
And health and strength, and all your heart's desire ;  
The fulness and the joy of life in youth,  
And wealth of pleasant memories for your age.  
And since your sky will not be always bright,



And sometimes for the happiest life is hard,  
Yours be stout heart and courage to endure  
What share of pain the unseen years may bring.  
To-day you are so helpless, small and weak,  
Unreasoning and speechless and alone,  
And we are big and strong and wondrous wise.  
But a few years, and you will be a man,  
And we shall be decrepit, feeble, old,  
And worn with life, and you will feel contempt  
And pity for our senile childishness.  
And you will still be strong when we are gone,  
When we have ceased from living, and have passed,  
Perhaps to that far country whence you come,  
Or where the silent, never-ending night  
Shall bring us quiet and forgetfulness.  
What will the world be like when you are old?  
What new things will you know in years to come,  
What conquests over earth and sea and air,  
Won by a race of men to us unknown,  
Men of your age and day? What new great names  
Will be familiar on your lips? What deeds  
Will win your praises in the days to be,  
When all that we have striven for to-day  
Is but a dying memory? The world  
Grows older, but it does not greatly change.  
Men come and go, but charity and love,

E. M. J.

Justice and mercy, pity for the weak,  
And sympathy that feels another's pain,  
Unblemished honour, loyalty and truth,  
And hatred of all cruelty and wrong ;  
These shall endure ; though men grow old and die,  
These die not, neither are they dimmed by age,  
But are forever beautiful and fresh,  
And are of price to-morrow as to-day ;  
Therefore keep these things always in thy heart.

# R.M.S. Titanic

SUNK 15th APRIL, 1912

## *Requiescant in Pace*

How shall we honour the unburied dead ?

Shall we go forth with loud acclaim, and rake

The sea for bodies ? Shall we, ruthless, wake  
Each weary sleeper from his ocean bed ?

Shall the sad mourners thus be comforted ?

Can pomp of burial gladden hearts that break,

Or pitiful bride-widow solace take

From ruined sight of the beloved head ?

Nay, rather let us sing their deeds, not weep

These men that did their duty, shunned the door  
Of safety, saving others from the deep.

Now in the hearts of men, from shore to shore,  
Their memory lives : the sea that gave them sleep

Shall be their resting-place for evermore.

## On the Lacedaemonian Dead at Plataea

"Ασβεστον κλέος οἶδε φίλῃ περὶ πατρίδι θέντες  
Κυάνεον θανάτου ἀμφεβάλοντο νέφος·  
Οὐ δὲ τεθνᾶσι θανόντες, ἐπεὶ σφ' ἀρετὴ καθύπερθεν  
Κυδαίνουσ' ἀνάγει δόματος ἐξ Ἀΐδew.

SIMONIDES.

## The Belgian Dead

*August, 1914*

THESE to their own dear land immortal glory be-  
queathing,  
Here in the mists of death darkly enshrouded abide.  
Yet shall they live, though dead, for the fame of their  
valour enduring,  
Out of the House of Death living hath brought them  
again.

## Sursum Corda

LIFT up your hearts ! A foe is at the gate  
    Jealous of England's greatness, jealous too  
    Of all that she has done and yet may do.  
His trust is in the sword, upon him wait  
Terror and rapine : pitiless as fate  
    He tramples on the weak, and now would strew  
    Our English fields with English dead. To you  
Is given to stay him ere it be too late.

Lift up your hearts ! We lift them up, and go  
    Most joyfully to battle, proud to be  
    In this our generation, of an age  
To do our country service. Even so  
    In days gone by our fathers fought, and we  
    Are now the keepers of their heritage.

## Rheims Cathedral

LONG ages since, a band of earnest men,  
With zealous hearts uplifted, sought to raise  
A noble house in honour of their God.  
Untiringly they laboured, day by day  
And year by year with pious hands they wrought,  
And lovingly they builded, till at last  
The temple stood perfected, glorious,  
Adorned with all the wealth of sculptor's art,  
With matchless glass and delicate tracery,  
A thing of beauty in the sight of men,  
A fitting habitation for their God.  
And through the centuries the world has stood  
And marvelled at their building, and been glad,  
Rejoicing in the work of these men's hands.  
It has endured the ravages of time,  
'The buffetings of tempests, it has stood

## RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

While generations of the tribes of men  
Have come, and lived their little day, and passed  
Into the night ; a thousand memories  
Have hallowed all its stones, a mighty line  
Of kings has been anointed in its courts,  
And here the Maid, victorious, to her king  
Gave back his kingdom : it has heard the clash  
Of armed hosts innumerable, waves  
Of pitiless war have surged against its walls  
And left it scatheless : ever it has stood  
Unchangeable, remote, inviolate.  
But now the Teuton, spreading in his path  
Insensate devastation, like the Hun  
That dared to call himself the Scourge of God,  
With his foul hand has touched it, and where stood  
The fairest thing in all the world, to-day  
A blackened ruin stands. Lord God of Hosts,  
Whose attribute is mercy, but to Whom  
Vengeance alone belongs, forget not this :  
Write large the record of their infamy,  
That generations yet unborn may learn  
And hold in execration this their deed.  
Forget it not, but let their name be passed  
A thing accursed on the lips of men,  
Their memory be blackened for all time.  
In days gone by men fought with men, but now

## RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

Men fight with God, nor fear to raise their hand  
Against the Almighty. For a little while  
May the presumptuous triumph, and their deeds  
Go unrequited, but the Lord our God  
Shall rise and smite them in His wrath at last.



## This Dear, Dear Land

I KNOW not, in this dark and fateful hour,  
What England is to others, but to me  
She is a noble heritage, a sea  
Of mighty memories, a gracious power,  
A tender, loving mother, a strong tower  
Of refuge for the oppressed that would be free.  
The bulwark of that ancient liberty  
She gives to all her sons, a sacred dower.

Such are the thoughts of England that must stir  
An English heart, and this dear land again  
Her children of to-day shall live to save,  
Or if they fall, they will not fall in vain ;  
No life is comelier than the life she gave,  
No death more splendid than to die for her.

## The Splendid Vision

WHILE the whole world is filled with noise of battle,  
And cries from many a devastated land,  
While day by day our bravest and our dearest  
Fall to the scythe in Death's insatiate hand ;

Count it not wholly loss that peace is banished,  
That in the shadow of the sword we live ;  
To us the trumpet call of war has given  
What comfortable peace could never give.

We have a deeper love, a surer vision,  
To us, to us in majesty appears,  
Yet once more with drawn sword and shield uplifted,  
The ancient Mother of our hopes and fears.

O Mother England, if in easy peace time  
Thy thankless sons forget thee for a while,  
We shall not soon forget, who brought thee succour,  
And in the hour of peril saw thee smile.

## THE SPLENDID VISION

We are indeed thy children, and have loved thee,  
Have known thee strong, and pitiful, and wise,  
Have touched thy robe, and through the smoke of  
battle

Have seen the shining of thy steadfast eyes.

O gracious Mother, lest with peace returning  
Our hearts forget thee and this hour of pain,  
'Take not thy presence ever wholly from us  
Till death shall fold us to thy breast again.

## Resolve

It cannot be that having seen the day  
We should endure the tyranny of the night ;  
For if we have not sinned against the light,  
Nor made an idol of the sword, as they,  
'The powers of darkness set in proud array  
Shall not o'ermaster us ; the sword shall smite  
The abusers of the sword, and all their might  
Shall wither, and their glory pass away.

No more shall lawless force be throned as God,  
The troubled nations of the earth no more  
Shall humbly wait upon a despot's nod.  
And when the sacred cause for which they bled  
Is surely stablished, we will turn and pour  
Libation to the uncomplaining dead.

## Killed in Action

NO. 1561. PRIVATE H. W. REID

ONLY a number and a name, one more  
That dies for England. Might and majesty  
And power are hers, and over land and sea  
Dominion, great possessions and rich store  
Of wealth untold ; yet though her heart be sore,  
For him the mightiest of the powers that be  
Can nothing now ; a mightier than she  
Hath him in his sure keeping evermore.

She cannot promise recompense or fame,  
Not even that his memory shall endure,  
Or any mourn for him, his very name  
Shall perish utterly, his lowly bed  
Be unremembered ; yet is he not poor  
That sleeps with England's deathless unnamed dead.

## “ Strict Accountability ”

R.M.S. LUSITANIA. SUNK BY GERMAN  
SUBMARINE, 7th MAY, 1915

LONG since their scattered bones are bleached and  
bare,

Fishes have fouled them, waters have outworn  
Their beauty and their strength, the shark has torn  
The flesh of women and of babes ; they stare  
With sightless eyes into the darkness : there  
Is neither sound nor motion, but forlorn  
And desolate they lie, with none to mourn,  
That once were young and fortunate and fair.

Think not their living friends will heed their cry,  
For war is hazardous and peace is good,  
And since they have exacted gold for blood  
What further claim have the importunate dead  
That weary them with crying ? So these lie  
Unhonoured, unavenged, uncomforted.

## Vox Populi

YE peoples of the earth, put not your trust  
In princes, nor in any child of man  
Set over you in lordship, their desires  
Are not as your desires, they have no care,  
No fatherly solicitude for you,  
They are not neighbourly like other men,  
But ever the war fever in their veins  
Surges and throbs and will not let them rest.  
Their hearts are big with pride, they would be gods  
That are but men like you : they know not truth,  
Truth is no friend of princes ; from their birth  
False silken flatterers whispering in their ears  
Teach them the lust of conquest, fill their hearts  
With vain imaginations, idle dreams  
Of boundless world dominion. One will urge,  
“ Your people are grown restless, learning tends  
Too much to licence in the masses, some

## VOX POPULI

Chafe at your rule and talk of liberty.  
A stiff-necked generation ! We must curb  
Their aspirations, check these wayward dreams,  
And give them other food for thought ; a war  
Will stimulate their waning loyalty,  
And make you strong at home and feared abroad.”  
Another : “ Frederick was called the Great,  
The Conqueror William, Attila was named  
The Scourge of God, and Alexander wept  
For other realms to conquer, but the world  
Is larger grown since Alexander’s day :  
You may be greater than all these.” A third :  
“ You have the mightiest army of all time,  
An engine of destruction swift to smite  
And irresistible, a weapon forged  
And ready to your hand, an instrument  
To make your will a law to all the earth.  
What is an army but for use ? ” And he,  
This puppet of an hour, this little man  
With mind diseased by kingship, will exult,  
And raise his hand, and send his armies forth  
A devastating flood, and hideous war  
Will thunder through the world. Defenceless towns  
Will hear the clash of arms, and drunken mobs  
Will loot and murder in their blazing streets.  
And men will die for men, heroic deeds



## VOX POPULI

Be lightly undertaken ; men will laugh  
In face of imminent death, and some will go  
Exultantly to battle, some will creep  
In unavailing agonies of fear.  
And thrones will totter, kingdoms will decay,  
Homes be made desolate, and all the land  
Be filled with lamentation and despair.  
And he will be acclaimed the king of kings,  
The lord of war, the mighty conqueror,  
Because he sent his people forth to die.  
Such are the kingly titles to renown,  
And such the ways of princes : they are judged,  
The mark of Cain is on them ; trust them not,  
Nor hearken to their bidding. From henceforth  
Shall men put off the bondage of the years,  
For slavery is broken, and the world  
Is grown too wise to be the sport of kings.  
Wherefore let all the enfranchised peoples sing  
The song of liberty and love, and send  
This message to their rulers : We have done  
With those that govern us in our despite,  
The tyrant and the oppressor, you that make  
A shambles of the earth ; we will not wear  
Your hated yoke upon our necks, nor give  
Our sons into your service. We have done  
With such as Bloody William, Constantine

## VOX POPULI

The Traitor, Ferdinand the Fox, and he,  
The bully and the tyrant, that old dupe  
Whom neither suffering nor length of years  
Taught wisdom or compassion. Now no more  
Shall blood be poured in rivers at your word ;  
No more shall women broken-hearted weep  
Their dearest sent untimely forth to death.  
We will not be your slaves, we will not go  
Like cattle to the slaughter, no, nor bear  
Your reeking standards into foreign lands,  
We have no quarrel with the peoples there,  
They are our brothers and our friends, while you  
Are enemies and scourges of mankind.  
War is not of the people, war is bred  
In courts and palaces ; the people die  
That kings may reap the glory ; but the day  
Is now not far when kings shall be no more,  
And war shall cease in all the world, and love  
Shall be established in the hearts of men,  
And over the free peoples of the earth  
Triumphant peace shall reign. When that day dawns,  
As surely it will dawn, then not in vain  
Shall be accounted all the blood and sweat,  
The tears of women, and the fair young lives  
Mangled and maimed, the panic and the flight  
Of homeless peoples destitute, not vain

## VOX POPULI

The labour and the wounds, not vain the rage  
And all the nameless infamies of war.  
Therefore we will salute the mighty dead.  
Hail and farewell, you that have fought to-day,  
Have fought and died for ending of all war.  
Because you were the heralds of the dawn  
And harbingers of morning, you shall have  
Praise and high honour to the end of time,  
For you have given to ages yet unborn  
The imperishable heritage of peace.

## The Watching Dead

IN God's good time this agony shall cease  
And gentle peace return. But stark and numb  
Some lie beneath Caucasian snows, and some  
In parching desert sands, and some the seas  
Engulf eternally. Remembering these  
That crave not earthly peace, God grant we come,  
When all the thunder of the guns is dumb,  
With clean hands to the making of that peace.

With clean hands, and with heart regenerate,  
Not seeking vengeance, purified by pain,  
Nowise unmindful of the dead that wait  
With silent witness of expectant eyes ;  
Thus only may we turn their loss to gain,  
And win redemption through their sacrifice.



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